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Annual Sermon

DELIVERED BY

JOHN W. SAYERS, D.D.



CHAPLAIN DEPARTMENT PENNA. G. A. R.

Sunday Evening, May 22, 1898

PHILADELPHIA.

12-1-12

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TEXT.—“FOR WE NOW SEE BUT THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, BUT THEN FACE TO FACE; NOW I KNOW IN PART, BUT THEN SHALL I KNOW EVEN AS I AM KNOWN.”—1st Cor. xiii, 12.

THE future is always veiled from us. That which is to come can only be conjectured from that which has gone before. The revelations of every day discloses to us the blighting of many hopes, the frustration of well-matured schemes, and the failure of almost certain expectations. The ruins with which time has strewn the earth all teach us the sad lessons of uncertainty, the weakness of human vision, the immaturity of our acquired knowledge. To-day seems unclouded and positively clear, not only through its own light, but by the reflected light of yesterday; the events of to-morrow will show us that we have only seen through a glass darkly. Every day is but a sequel to the preceding day. Each morning dawns upon the world with a new light. It comes with its own serene beauty, while, through its sunbeams, play in undulating waves the lights and shadows of the past. Every day is, therefore, a revelation of the meaning of yesterday. It is the key which solves the riddle of what has gone before. It becomes in our life a new chapter in the volume which contains the hidden prophecy of the future.

The Apostle, in writing this Epistle, seems to have been reviewing his own experience. He goes back to earlier days, considers the unseen things which were before him, and says, “For we know in part, and prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that

which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things."

Go back in your own history, a little over thirty-six years, and mark the growth and advancement in which you have taken a part. In an incredibly short time you grew from childhood to manhood in the experience of the soldiers. In five years, from quiet citizens, you became veterans, battled-scarred by the enemy, and crowned with honor by your country for valiant service. How quickly it all came; how rapidly it passed. The thunder of the cannon in Charleston Harbor suddenly awakened the nation from its long repose and dream of peace. War had burst upon us in reality in defence of oppression. The North rose, as a unit, in its enthusiasm to repel the unholy invasion. We would march and fight and conquer. We would hastily invade the South, compel peace, uphold the Constitution, and restore the Union to its former glory. The days came and went, and the war was prolonged. Many a brave comrade fell in the strife, but the strife went on. A hated flag was raised against the Stars and Stripes, and a spurious Confederacy was declared in opposition to the old Union. Our boys grew from youth to manhood, and, as the fathers fell, their sons took their places in the ranks, and still the war went on. The shifting scenes, with the developments of every day, passed before us like a swift-moving panorama. The day as it went by, with its stirring events, seemed clear to us, but the morrow opened our eyes to mistakes and misconceptions and to many

things that we had not observed as they passed. Four years of campaigning upon American soil revolutionized the methods of warfare throughout the whole world. The old muskets of our army proved but childish things in the hands of a soldiery that meant to conquer. The great wooden vessels of our navy, once so formidable, were but shells and toys before even the crudely constructed but more effective vessels which modern mechanical science had created for the emergency.

In its growing experience toward a rapid maturity the nation no longer thought "as a child," but "put away childish things." Iron-clad warships, improved guns of tremendous power, ammunition of wonderful effectiveness, harbor defences of higher scientific construction, new tactics in army and navy movements, with an advanced civilization behind them all, are clear evidences that to-day is not as yesterday, that the present is better than the past, and that it is an earnest for a still better future. So we grow from childhood to age. So the world grows; so the nation grows—effect following cause, development following experience; growth, development, and maturity succeeding each other through the logical sequence of events. There is nothing as yet perfect in this world. We advance and go backward, then again forward, ever swaying hither and thither, but, like the encroaching waves of the ocean, sweeping further inward with every recurring tide. A human life of fifty or more years witnesses many and wonderful changes, but they glide by us almost imperceptibly with the passing of the hours. It is only as we turn the searchlight of the present backward

into history that we realize how far we have come and how much we have accomplished.

I am standing to-night face to face with men who, within the past thirty-five years, have lived through the experiences which confirm the truth of what I have said.

Again look back ; calm skies, peaceful homes, a prosperous country, a growing nationality with a hopeful future, unclouded, save by the fact that, in the most lovely section of the land, human slavery was made, by the law, to contribute to the individual wealth of the owner. The wise, the humane, and the patriotic men of the nation advocated freedom for all, without distinction of color, one flag for all, one principle for all, under the provisions of a Constitution which declared in its preamble that it was made to "secure the blessings of liberty to us and to our posterity." Then the yoke of thralldom was upon the neck of the black man, then the shackles were upon his limbs, and the fetters upon his heart, while the cruel lash of the task-master's whip drew blood at every stroke, and this in a land boasting of liberty, and among a people inviting the down-trodden and oppressed of all nations to come and dwell with us, and enjoy the blessings of freedom.

Need I recall these things? You listened to the earnest controversy. You witnessed the growing desire for the emancipation of the bondman. You grew up in an atmosphere of pity and humanity, which wafted upon its zephyrs the spirit of '76 with the broad principles of the Declaration to the unrequited laborer of the South. You heard the mutterings of dissent and the threats of resist-

ance from the Southland, and, while you wished for a peaceful solution of the problem, you wondered if in your day it would ever be accomplished, and the stain of slavery be blotted from the page of our future history. And yet, as we review those times, now so far away, we remember, with gratitude to God, that for thirty-two years we have listened to the songs of jubilee from the old cabin, while the iron chains of bondage have been turned into the implements of husbandry, or have been left to rust in the furrows of the cotton-field and in the damps of the rice-swamp, where they fell at the sound of the great proclamation of emancipation.

So much for the past. The present is reaping a rich harvest from the seed then sown. A new order of things is slowly spreading through the South. The black man is gradually developing his capacity for self-help. As new generations of the freedmen come upon the stage, and their intellects are vivified by the continued electric touch of freedom, and their lives are animated and inspired by more liberal social environments, a new element will enter into our civilization.

An old adage says that "A nation is not born in a day." But these changes which you have witnessed, and in which you have been the agents—conditions which your patriotism and valor have established for all time—have passed before you so rapidly and surely as to blend the past with the present, without the aid of prophecy or foresight. When the abolition of slavery was presented to your minds as a possibility, you did not think of bloodshed as a probability. You did not dream that your own

arm would carry the musket, and that you would personally encounter the privations and share the dangers of a long campaign, or that you should ever assist in making the mightiest history that the world has ever recorded. Look back to-night, if you will, and see even with the stirring events around you and your personal contact with the facts at the time of their occurrence, whether you were not looking at things through an imperfect medium. You see them now, looking backward, much clearer than you saw them then.

The world has not always moved as rapidly as it has moved in our own history, for political progress is proverbially slow. Progress in science and art is slow because they are evolved from peaceful life, and do not depend upon physical forces for their acceleration. We look upon the mighty achievements in which the present rejoices without giving much thought as to how they were brought about through the tardy processes of the past. Nearly one hundred and fifty years ago Benjamin Franklin, by a simple experiment, discovered the identity of lightning with the electric fluid. Tremendous as was its importance, the discoverer but saw through a glass darkly, and the scientific world saw not more clearly. Nearly ninety years passed, and electric science had advanced only to the production of a few scientific toys with which to illustrate some interesting philosophical experiments in the lecture room. Forty-three years ago Morse constructed the first electric telegraph of the world; and, almost with the rapid flash of the subtle fluid, came discovery and invention, until space has been annihilated

and the world revolutionized by the multiplying contrivances which minister to our use and comfort. We are overpowered as we stand in the midst of these wonders and in our admiration exclaim, "What has God wrought?" But so short-sighted is our vision, that to-morrow shall bring something still more wonderful, and the future will put to the blush all that the past has accomplished.

Less than two hundred years ago Newcomen applied the expansive power of steam to the propulsion of machinery. Watt improved upon his invention, while a thousand others have improved upon that of Watt. In our day steam power drives the vast machinery of the manufactories of all nations, while over the land and across the waters the obedient servants of the inventor's creation carry life and merchandise with great speed to the ends of the earth. All these things have passed rapidly before our view almost unperceived, so imperfect is both our insight and our foresight. We only comprehend them as we glance backward at the advancements which have been made. It is in vain that we wonder how the world did so long without the advantages with which we are blessed. It was because the world did not know the need, as we of the present do not know the need, of the hidden things of the future. The activities of to-day are the result of the impulses of yesterday and will have their culmination to-morrow, while it is left for to-morrow to reveal to us what to-day has been.

“ The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done.”

The past, the present and the future all blend together in the complete picture. They form but one pathway leading from earth to Heaven. The light rises at one extreme, twilight is at the other, and the darkness is beyond. They are all one, while each is the interpreter of that which has gone before. The light accompanies us all the way through but our sight is not always receptive and clear. Our eyes are not opened to that which is before us. “The light shineth in the darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not.” Such is human life! Such is history! Such is national existence!

Life is always a mystery. No astrologer may cast our horoscope. No one can foretell what the days shall bring forth. So the human life is a logical existence, but it may be lived in a very illogical way. It belongs to God, but it is too often treated as a thing of little value, for which we are never to account. Christ has assured us “that for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account in the Day of Judgment.” Childhood is properly occupied with childish thoughts and pleased with childish things. Manhood is for action and for the graver thoughts and nobler deeds which experience brings with our years and which society has a right to demand from us. Age is for contemplation and counsel. Childhood is the basis upon which we build. We are not to forget its thoughts, its pleasures or its sorrows. They are always to us lessons of wisdom, but in manhood we put away childish methods

of thought and act from motives matured by experience. In age we should neither forget our childhood nor our manhood, but should become as good fruit ripened for the Master's use. If, unfortunately, in our maturer years we are pleased only with childish things, then are we but triflers and shall only know in part, and shall not know as we are known.

Do you remember how General Grant, in the midst of the turmoil of war, never forgot his home nor the loves that gathered round his fireside? Helpless women or desolated homes along his line of march never claimed his protection in vain. Little children always awakened in him the tenderness of the father, and the great warrior was none the less great when he took the children of the enemy's land to his knee or pressed the babe of his childhood to his bosom. The tears that at such times often suffused his eyes were never tears of weakness, but were the overflow of a brave soul allowing the nobler sympathies of his nature to triumph over the stern duties of the soldier. He had put away childish things, but he had not forgotten the childhood that had laid the foundation for his mature life. And so, in his command, many a brave soldier made himself none the less brave because he looked back with tender thoughts for the wife and babes in the home which he had left to do manly service for his country. The future before him was always uncertain and shadowy, but hope illumined his path as his longing heart went out to his loved ones as he looked backward to the time when they parted, and forward to the wished-for re-union. "Then" and "now"

were the moving forces of his thoughts, and nerved his arm to strike a harder blow at disunion, as he looked forward to strike sturdy blows for peace and the Constitution, when the old flag should triumph over wrong and wave its folds again over the right. The light of the past has enabled him, in times of peace, to do valiant service for fireside and the Union, in the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic, who celebrate these memorial services in the commemoration of the heroic dead who gave their lives to preserve an undivided Union.

How faintly all this was foreshadowed in the years of campaigning and fighting from 1861 to 1865. To-day we look back and the incidents, the thrilling scenes, the remarkable events through which we have passed seem to outrival the incredible stories of romance.

On the Christmas Day of 1862, when our troops were opposite Fredericksburg, a rebel picket from the other side of the river called to the Union picket, asking if he would be permitted to return if he came over. "Yes," said our boy in blue, and the rebel came. "Who are you?" was asked. "I belong to the Georgia legion," was the answer. Said one of the Union soldiers, "I met a number of your boys at **South Mountain**." "Yes," said the rebel, "I suppose that is so, if you were there." A shadow of sadness passed over his face as he remarked, "We left very many of our boys at South Mountain. Poor Will, my brother, was killed there. It was a hot place and we had to leave in a hurry." "That's so, Georgia," was the reply, "you fellows fought well and had all the advantage, but the old Keystone boys pressed

you hard. By the way, here is a likeness I picked up upon the battle-field the next morning, and have carried it ever since." The rebel took it, looked at it, and instantly pressed it to his lips, exclaiming, "Mother! O my mother!" When regaining his composure, he said, "Brother Will carried it and must have dropped it in the fight." He asked the name of the one who restored to him so precious a gift, saying, "There may be peace soon and we may know each other better." He had taken from his pocket a small Bible to write upon the fly leaf the name of his new acquaintance, when one who had taken no part in the conversation cried out, "I know that Book; I lost it at Bull Run." "That's where I got it," said the rebel, who at once handed it to the rightful owner. Two years before it had been a Christmas gift from a friend, whose name was written upon the blank leaf, and was now, on Christmas Day, restored as a gift doubly precious. The rebel returned to his post to reflect upon the mysteries which obscure our march in the battle of life and the providences which shape our destinies and guide us through the darkness.

"In this sign we conquer; 'tis the symbol of our faith
 Made holy by the light of love, triumphant over death,
 He finds his life who loseth it; forever more it saith,
 The right is marching on."

During the war with Mexico two young officers fought bravely in the United States Army. Both were graduates of West Point, and both were in the line of promotion. Seven years before the Rebellion broke out one had retired to private life, while the other remained with the army, and was still rising, with the prospect of high

rank. To the one the future was obscure and uninviting, while the course of the other was full of expectation. Whatever the difference in their condition, each saw through a glass darkly. When the Rebellion came the soldier who had everything to hope for deserted his country's cause, and, to his shame, enlisted in the ranks of the enemy. The retired officer, without prospects, asked but for an humble position in his country's service. In 1863, as Generals commanding upon opposite sides, they met at Vicksburg, the one a conquering hero, loved and honored by his country, and destined to have his name enrolled at the topmost line upon the scroll of fame; the other, a defeated commander, offering his sword in surrender to his unassuming comrade of the Mexican war—General Grant, the hero; General Pemberton, the rebel. Probably the life of General Grant will afford the best illustration of the text that I can give. All the way through life he saw through a glass darkly. He was clear-headed, far-seeing and quick-witted as a military commander. Unequalled in his judgment in the field, and unsurpassed in the coolness of his courage, he was not the child of destiny, like Napoleon, but was the child of an unerring Providence who opened the way before him. In his individual life there was but little forecast of what would follow next. The humble cabin in which he was born indicated a quiet agricultural life. His limited opportunities for early education were not favorable to a literary career. His distaste, even at West Point, for a military life, did not point to the future soldier. The breaking out of the Mexican war probably

formed the turning point of his life. His withdrawal from the service and his return to farming seemed to change the current until the breaking out of the Rebellion induced his return to the military life. Promotion quickly followed until he became Commander-in-Chief, and upon the return of peace he became the President of the Republic that his genius and courage had saved. Events had shaped his course and Providence had taken care of results. No man ever looked forward with more obscured vision; none ever looked backward with clearer perception and greater gratitude than he upon actions and achievements whose results and accomplishments had not always been clear before him. History is but the record of events which developed and matured, as the seed dropped into congenial soil, under favorable conditions, germinates, grows and produces fruit. The actors in all these events saw but dimly into the future.

Civilizations, ancient and modern, as they looked forward, have always stretched their course along lines temporarily practical and seemingly permanent; but as we, of to-day, trace these lines backward, we read, as we run, the hand-writing which tells only of an ephemeral race, building upon insecure foundations, while idly dreaming that their work would never perish.

Along the old lines of overland commerce, wealth concentrated at advantageous centres and there built great and magnificent cities. Even while the shapely marble column, in its newness, glistened in the rising sun, and foundations solid as the rock were being laid for new temples, the fearless navigator was opening new and shorter

highways across the sea. The land was deserted for the new paths and the great cities were deserted and began to fall into ruins. Mighty principalities had sprung up, and, through increasing power, had become the rulers and arbiters of the world. Environments changed while power and pride succumbed to newly-developed forces, while nations, once powerful and great, became but dependencies to their stronger neighbors. We contemplate the downfall with sad wonder but see only in retrospect the weaknesses which brought ruin but which foresight never could have discovered. These lessons always impress, but rarely instruct us. Our own American civilization is an example in point. Our progress is greater than our knowledge of our needs. We are pressing blindly into the future without guarding the dangerous places we have discovered in our march. We are leaving enemies at important points, where mischief is brewing, waiting its opportunities for harm. Our national history is too glorious and bright to have it marred by the agitation of disloyal men and women; it is too sacred to have it overshadowed by a traitor's flag, where no stars glitter, and where its bars speak only of shame. If we cannot see what is before us, let us guard our institutions with all the jealous care of men who will maintain their integrity, or die for their honor. Four hundred years ago Columbus sailed bravely into the West to find the shores of India. He was not looking for a New World, or a new continent. He found land, but died without a knowledge of the magnitude of the work he had accomplished. England colonized the newly-discovered land for the enlargement of

her borders, without knowing that out of this colonization and out of her laws and previous history was to grow up in the future an independent power, destined to demonstrate to the world the ability of the masses for self-government. American independence was not the outgrowth of well-matured plans, but was the result, without the intention, of resistance to unjust and oppressive exactions. Our Constitutional form of government was not the original plan proposed by the Colonies. Not until the Confederation had failed did we become a nation in any proper form of construction. Our fathers saw through a glass darkly, while an over-ruling providence guided them and their children through the dangers of darkness which they did not comprehend. Look back again for half a century and mark how confident we then were in our stability and strength. Slavery existed as a blot upon our national character. Resting upon the Missouri Compromise the North believed that slavery would be confined forever to the South, and that, sometime in the future, a peaceful solution of the problem of the abolition would be reached. We but looked into the future through a delusive medium, and deceived ourselves into the belief that we were in no danger, while beneath our feet the smothered fires of a volcano were ready to burst.

At the adoption of the Missouri Compromise a member from South Carolina had said that "a fire had been kindled which all the waves of the ocean cannot put out, and which only seas of blood can put out," a prophecy recalled only when the admission of Texas and the War with Mexico brought to our ears the rumbling of the sleeping volcano. The Compromise Measure of 1850 again drew the veil over our eyes, and we treated our fears as phan-

toms of the imagination. The creation of the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska in 1854, with the nullification of the Missonri Compromise, again excited the country, and raised the danger signal. And when Robert Toombs, of Georgia, declared that "he would yet call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill," the eyes of the advocates of freedom were opened to the gravity of the situation, and the country was truly alarmed.

The threatening events of the past scarcely seemed to remove the mists through which we viewed the future. Not until the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency and the admission of Kansas to the Union of the States did the danger culminate. Then, looking backward, we saw the uncertainty of the way through which we had come. As representatives of the Grand Army, we can now look back and see that through the whole conflict of the Rebellion, from the first call for volunteers down to the close of the war, and from that to the present, we only saw through an obscured medium. Time, the interpreter of the past, has alone translated to us the meaning of many things which then seemed clear to us, but which, after all, we imperfectly understood.

You remember well the history as it now passes in review before us. You saw the war-cloud as it rolled threateningly up from the South. You heard the trumpet call to arms and bravely responded to the call. Draw, if you will, the contrast between the excitement and turmoil of then and the peace and rest of to-day. For four long years there were earnest gatherings and sad departings and hurryings to and fro. All through the North, from East to West, the air was thrilled with the stirring strains of martial music. Our streets were thronged with the march-

ing of armed battalions. The earth shook with the thundering of artillery and the roar of battle. The nights gathered around us in darkness and gloom as the stern exigencies of battles fought had desolated firesides and homes. The mornings brought only sad rejoicings as victory proclaimed the triumph of our arms.

Down the Mississippi to New Orleans, across the States from the Mississippi to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to the sea, from Atlanta North and from Washington South, surged the tide of battle until the arms of the Rebellion were grounded at Appomattox, and the war was over. We saw those four years of war only through shadows and clouds. The South had taken up arms to preserve an institution which its very act was to destroy. The North entered upon the defence not to destroy slavery but to preserve the Union and to maintain the integrity of the old flag, with the number of its stars undiminished and its stripes unstained with disloyalty. God was with us, and stood

“ Stood within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.”

In God's keeping the right always triumphs.

In 1863 Mr. Lincoln issued the glorious Proclamation of Emancipation. It seems that Providence had waited for this most important and decisive action upon the part of the Executive. It was life to the Union and death to the Rebellion. With it the Southern dream of a proud empire, reared upon the unrequited toil of an enslaved race, vanished forever. The stars upon our flag grew brighter as Freedom's standard bearer raised it high above the smoke of battle, and carried it into the hottest of the fight, and to victory. The war is long since over and years of prosperity and peace have passed between the surrender and to-day. We read backward through the pages of his-

tory, and learn the providences which its passing events could not have revealed to us.

“ We see dimly in the present,
 What is small and what is great,
 Slow of faith, how weak an arm
 May turn the iron helm of fate.”

We see face to face to-night as we recount the struggle, the cessation of strife and the years of peace which have followed. We rejoice again, as we think of the greetings of loved ones from whom the war had separated us, and to whom a merciful Providence restored us. We rejoice in the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, whose comradeships keep the traditions of the conflict fresh in memory, and whose post rooms are the pleasant refuges of loyal companionship. Memorial Day recalls to us the days when those who now lie sleeping in their graves marched shoulder to shoulder into the battle. We gather at their graves, and rehearse their heroic deeds, as we drop tears and strew sweet flowers above them in remembrance of what they did and how they died for their country. We bow in grateful remembrance of those who fell and in profound thankfulness for the lives that are spared.

Dr. Hillis has said beautifully :

“ To sound of fife and drum they marched away, these loved and loving fathers, brothers, lovers, friends, soon to return again, they said, when we have freed God’s children and made our country one again. But their good Father, God, planned better for them than they knew. Theirs the martyr’s death, theirs the patriot’s crown, striking chains from fettered slaves. God freed them from the fleshly bond. Seeking to keep their country one, God brought

them to His eternal city, for they had fought a good fight, and though lost to sight, they still to men are dear. To-day the magic wand of memory hath brought their names and faces back to us, but their graves we never shall strew with sweet and silent tokens of our grief. 'No man knoweth their sepulchre.' Under scorching summer skies, overcome with heat, some fell naked and starving; some died in prisons damp and deadly; under smoking sulphurous clouds, that seemed to rain on their devoted heads, the hissing shot and shell; most fell on bloody battlefields, now hallowed by their graves. And so we know where some do lie, and yearly decorate their graves; and some their final resting-place we know not of. But who shall say that He who clothes His lilies doth not mark His soldiers' graves? In God's deep glens and forest sides they lie. Their graves are strewn with grasses green, each one with flowers gay. Each purpling summer day God's clinging vines fall over them, and when the Autumn's frost hath splashed the leaves with blood and gold, the forest trees then drop their wreaths of softest leaves upon their billowy graves, while to the music of God's winds the weeping vines, the sobbing vines, the mournful elms, sound out their solemn funeral requiem. There let God's heroes lie till the last trump shall sound."

The past has gone forever and will not return. Its lessons remain for our profit as history tells the story. The present is with us for our improvement by applying the lessons that the past has imparted to us. The future is before us waiting our legacy of blessings, though we see into its coming days "through a glass darkly." What shall be the harvest? For a hundred and twenty-one years we have progressed with rapid steps in the formation

and development of a nationality based upon the ability of the masses for self government. We have encountered obstacles and overcome them. We have seen dangers ahead and escaped them. We have been assailed at vital points, but have successfully resisted encroachment and triumphed. We now look into the future hopefully, but not without misgivings. The question that confronts us is, "Shall our Republican institutions continue long, or shall they fail?" There are dangers all around us—dangers from without and within. Can we in the future withstand and overcome these dangers as we have overcome them in the past?

Governments have lived for a thousand years, and have then gone down in the storms of human passion. Others have met with a similar fate in a much shorter period. Our form of government is but an experiment. Local interests and sectional jealousies are striving for the mastery, seeking to control the legislation of the country in their interests. Wealth is using its vast influence and power for oppression, corruption and greed. Party spirit resorts to dishonesty and the contravention of the ballot. Centralization aims by its power to hold the weaker element in abject subjection. Our legislatures and our courts of justice, our law-makers and our judges, bow at the shrine of local politics, and worship the leaders who hold in their hands the key to office. These are manifestations of weakness which, if not counteracted by the patriotism of the land, will eventually end in disaster to our institutions.

The Grand Army has taught a broader lesson of fealty. The very spirit of our loyal dead rises up in judgment against whatever would break down our Constitution, dis-

sever our Union, or destroy our nationality. If it was a country worth living for when the Constitution was undergoing its severest trial ; if it was worth dying for when armed rebellion threatened a severance of its union, it is worth saving now that it is great, respected and prosperous. In the midst of our sorrow for our dead, and in their glorious memories, we look for the integrity of all that they fought for. We look from the mounds underneath which they sleep, up to the flag for which they died, and from that beloved standard we look to the God of battles, praying that into His keeping shall be committed the interests of the nation and the welfare of humanity which our institutions represent.

As we have been true to our flag, and loyal to our country, let us be loyal and true to the Almighty Leader of the hosts of righteousness, so that when we stand face to face with his judgments, we shall know even as we are known. He still calls us to battle for the right, and

“ Has sounded forth His trumpet that
 Shall never call retreat ;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men
 Before His mercy seat ;
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him,
 Be jubilant, my feet ;
 Our God is marching on.”



